

PECK'S BAD BOY ABROAD

The Bad Boy and His Dad Go to Russia to Stop the War. They Riot a Little and Dad Gets Lashed With a Cossack's Whip—He Takes a Hitch on the Grand Duke's Sledge, But Doesn't Ride Very Far.

By Hon. George W. Peck.

(Ex-Governor of Wisconsin; Former Editor of Peck's Sun; Author of "Peck's Bad Boy," etc.)

(Copyright, 1904, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

ST. PETERSBURG, RUSSIA.—My Dear Governor: Well, sir, I suppose you will be surprised to hear from me in Russia, but there was no use talking when Dad said he was going to St. Petersburg if it was the last act of his life. He got talking with a Japanese in Rome and the Jap said the war in the far East would last until every Russian was killed, unless America interfered to put a stop to it, and as Roosevelt didn't appear to have sense enough to offer his services to the czar, what I needed was for some representative American citizen who was brave and had nerve to go to St. Petersburg and see the czar and give him the benefit of a good American talk. The Jap said the American who brought about peace, by a few well-chosen remarks, would be the greatest man of the century, and would live to be bowed down to by kings and emperors, and all the world would doff hats to him.

At first dad was a little leary about going on such a mission without credit, but as luck would have it, he met an exiled Russian at a restaurant, who told dad that he reminded him of General Grant, because dad had a wart on the side of his nose, and he told dad that Russia would keep on fighting until every Japanese was killed unless some distinguished American should be raised up who deemed it his duty to go to St. Petersburg and see the Little Father, and in the interest of humanity, give the czar a call, and before he had externalized the whole yellow race, Dad asked the Russian if he thought the czar



SHIPPING DICE FOR OUR MONEY.

would come to blow him up, when a battery of artillery along the river started to fire a salute, and then the devil was to pay. It seemed that the gentleman who handled the guns, and who were supposed to fire blank cartridges into the air, put in loaded cartridges, filled with grape shot, and took aim at the Winter Palace and cut loose at Mr. Czar.

Well, you would have been paralyzed to see the change that came over that crowd, blessing the river one minute and damning the czar and the grand dukes the next. The shot went into the Winter Palace and tore the furniture and ripped up the ceiling of the room the czar was in, and in a moment all was chaos, as though every Russian knew the czar was to be assassinated. Dad rushed toward the Winter Palace, as though they expected pieces of the Little Father, would be thrown out the window for them to play foot-ball with. For a people who are supposed to be lawful and law-abiding, and who love their rulers, it seems strange to see them all so tickled who they thought he was above higher than a kite by his own soldiers.

Dad and I started with the crowd for the Winter Palace, and then we had a taste of monarchical government. The crowd was rushing over us and dad got mad and pulled off his coat, and said he could whip any confounded foreigner that rubbed against him with a sheepskin coat on and he was just on the point of smiting a fellow with a whip, who looked like a scrawny bristled off a black hog when a regiment of Cossacks came down on the crowd riding horses like a wild west show, and with whips in their hands, with a dozen lashes to each whip, and they began to lash the crowd and ride over them, while the people covered their faces with their arms and ran away, afraid of the whips, which cut and wound and kill, as each lash has little lead bullets fastened to them and a stroke of the whip is like being shot with buck shot or kicked with a frozen boot.

Well, sir, dad was going to show the Cossacks that he was pretty near an American, and he was just on the point of whipping a school boy by a teacher that looked like a Valentine, so he tried to look like George Washington defying the British, but it didn't work, for a Cossack rode right up to him and lashed him over the back (and about fifteen buckets in his whip took dad right where the nose is, and he was bent over to pick up something), and the Cossack laughed when dad straightened up and started to run.

I never saw such a change in a man as there was in dad. He started for our hotel, and as good a sprinter as I am I could keep up with him, but I kept him in sight. Before we got to the hotel a sledge came along, not an "old sledge," such as you play with cards, high-low, jack-pot, but a sort of a sleigh, with three horses abreast, and I yelled to dad to take a hitch on the sledge, and he climbed on with his feet on the runners, and a man in the sledge, who I understood to be a grand duke, because everybody was chasing him and yelling to head him off, hit dad in the nose with the butt of a revolver, and dad fell off in the snow and the crowd that was chasing him, the duke picked dad up and carried him on their shoulders



TOLD DAD THAT NICHOLAS JUST DOTTED ON AMERICANS.

would grant an audience to an American of eminence in his own country, and the Russian told dad that Nicholas just dotted on Americans, and that there was hardly ever an American "ballet dancer" that went to Russia but what the czar sent for her to come and see him and dance before the grand dukes, and he always gave them jewelry and cans of caviar as souvenirs of their visit.

Dad thought it over all night, and the next morning we started for Russia, and I wish we had joined an expedition to discover the North Pole instead of coming here. Say, it is harder to get into Russia than it would be to get into a penitentiary at home. At the frontier we were met by guards on horseback and on foot, policemen, detectives and other grafters, who took our passports and money, and one fellow made me exchange my socks with him. Then they imprisoned us in a stable with some crows until they could hold our corner's inquest on our passports and divide our money. We slept with the cows the first night in Russia, and I do not want to sleep again with animals that chew cud all night, and get up half a dozen times to hump up their backs and stretch and bellow. We never slept a wink, and could look out through the cracks in the stable and see the guards shaking dice for our money.

Finally they looked at the great seal on our passports and saw it was an American document, and they began to turn pale, as pale as a Russian can get without using soap, and when I said "Washington, ambassador, minister plenipotentiary, Roosevelt, Hot Time in the Old Town To-night, E Pluribus Unum, whoop, San Juan Hill," and pointed to dad, who was just coming out of the stable, looking like Washington at Valley Forge, the guards and other robbers bowed to dad, gave him a bag full of Russian money in place of the money they had taken away, and let us take a freight train for St. Petersburg, and they must have told the train men who we were, because everybody on the cars took off their hats to us, and divided their lunch with us.

Dad could not understand the change in the attitude towards us until I told him that they took him for a distinguished American statesman, and that as long as we were in Russia he must try to look like George Washington and not like Theodore Roosevelt, so every little while dad would stand up in the aisle of the car and pose like George Washington and when anybody gave him a sandwich or a cigarette he would show his teeth and say, "Deelighted," and all the way to St. Petersburg dad carried out his part of the programme, and we were not robbed once on the trip, but dad tried to smoke one of the cigarettes that was given him by a Cossack, and he died in my arms, pretty near.

They make cigarettes out of baled hay that has been used for beddings and covered with paper that has been used to poison flies. I never smelled anything so bad since the time I was in the hospital, and the head of health after the hired girl had smooched.

Well, we got to St. Petersburg in an awful time, and went to a hotel, suspected by the police and marked as undesirable guests by the Cossacks, and winked at by the walking delegates and strikers, who thought we were non-union men looking for their jobs.

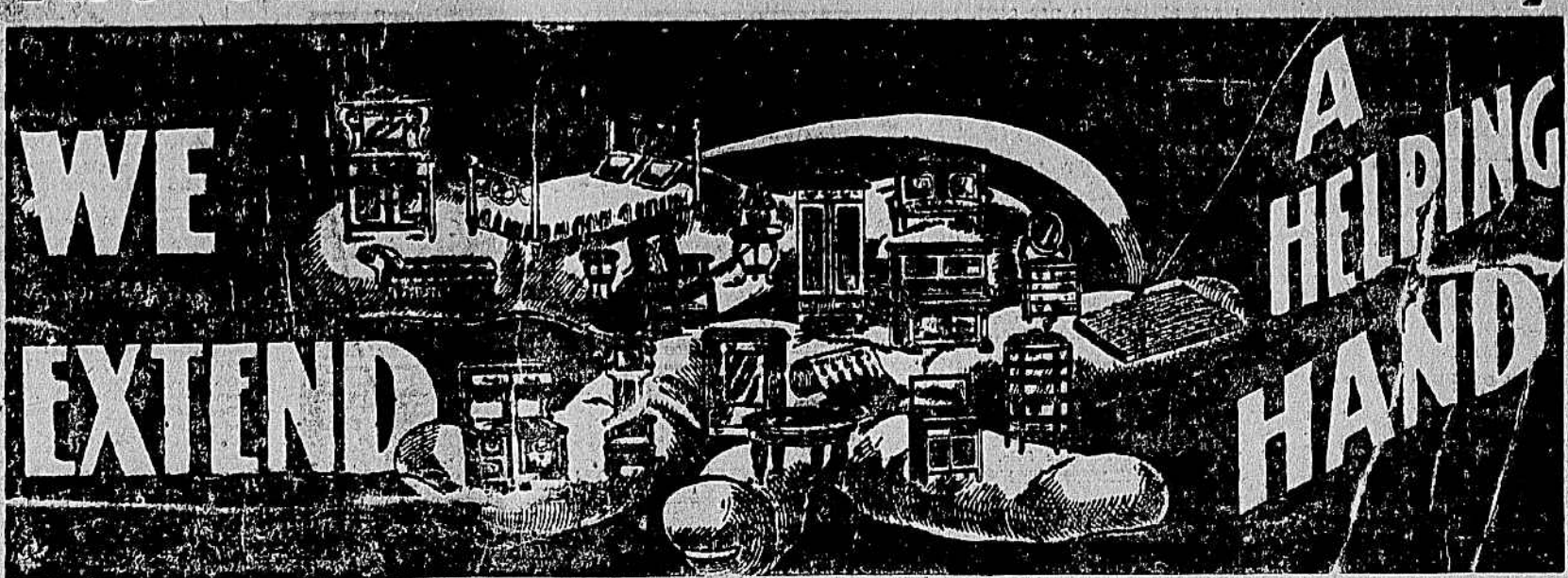


AND SLASHED HIM OVER THE BACK

because they thought he had tried to assassinate the duke, and we were escorted to our hotel by the strikers. We didn't know what they were, but you can tell the laboring men here because they wear blouses and look hungry, and when they leave the hotel they notice the police that suspicious characters were at the hotel, and came there escorted by the mob, and the police surrounded the house and dad went to our room and used whiskey haze on himself where the Cossack hit him with the loaded whip. He says "Russia will pay pretty far for that stroke of the whip given by the Cossack, and I think dad is going to join the revolution that is going to be pulled off next Sunday.

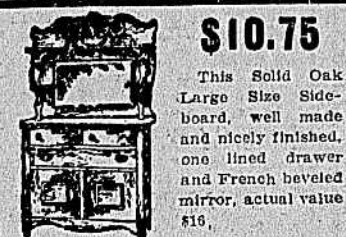
They are going to get about a million men to take a petition to the czar, work about stopping the war, and dad says he is going as an American anarchist, who is smarting from injustice, and he guesses he will have a good time. He says he is going to stand up to eat and lie on his stomach to sleep. There is going to be a hole of a time here in St. Petersburg, and the next week, and St. Petersburg is going to be in it clear up to our necks. Dad has given up trying to see the czar about stopping the war, and says the czar and the whole bunch can go plim (to the devil) and he will do with the mob and follow a priest who is stirring the people to revolt. I hope dad will not get killed here and be buried in a trench with a fort, and a young man from Chicago, who is here selling repairs for the harvesters, and he says he will go and see the working people who are on a strike you might as well say your prayers and take refuge on rats, because the Cossacks will get you, and he would advise me and dad to get out of here pretty quick, but when I told dad about it he put one hand on his head and the other on his parents and said, "America, America, America," and the police that were on guard near his room thought he was a madman and they sent four Cossacks to stay in dad's room. The people here, the Chicago young

The Store That Saves You Money



WE EXTEND A HELPING HAND

To All Who Wish to Buy Housefurnishings: That helping hand is Credit—Credit that takes the place of a purse well filled—Credit that commands greater purchasing power here than cash could anywhere else in town. You can JUDGE THAT FOR YOURSELF—you may PROVE IT BY COMPARISON. Take any of these "MONEY-SAVING" values—such quality goods at such small prices confound competition, and no matter how much or how little you buy, you are at liberty to have your purchases charged, and arrange to settle the bill on practically your own terms. These money-saving values to be had when called for:



\$10.75
This Solid Oak Large Size Sideboard, well made and nicely finished, one lined drawer and French beveled mirror, actual value \$18.



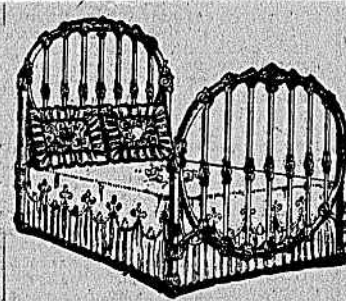
This elegant highly polished Three-Piece Parlor Suit, mahogany frame, covered in a verona or Gobelin tapestry, for \$16.75



\$42.50 for a very large Mahogany Frame Five-Piece Parlor Suit, covered in fine grade verona or Gobelin tapestry and best construction, worth \$58.



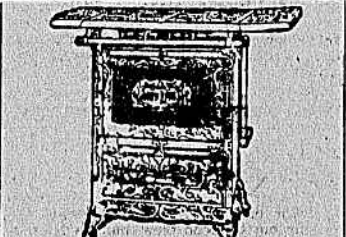
An endless variety of Mattings.
8c per yard for Fancy Mattings.
18c per yard for Extra Heavy China Mattings.
22c per yard for Fine Quality China Mattings.
18 1/2c per yard for Fine Quality, New Designs Japanese Mattings.



\$8.75 for this Beautiful Continuous Post Bed, in colors, worth \$12.
\$2.75 for a full size Brass Trimmed White Enamelled Iron Bed, worth \$5.
\$1.98 for a Continuous Post Iron Bed, worth \$4.



1905 Go-Carts
This exact full roll, finely built Reclining Go-Cart with parasol, complete, only \$10.00

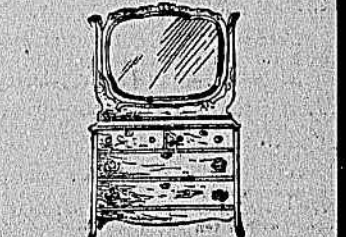


Gas Range.
A large and varied assortment of Gas Ranges can be found here at prices that will astonish you. We handle the following well-known makes:

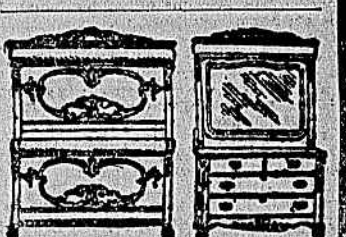
The Novelty, Columbia and Fire King.



An endless variety of up-to-date Folding Go-Carts can be found here as low as \$1.98



\$10.50 for a pretty Solid Oak Dresser, nicely finished, has large size French beveled mirror, worth \$15.
\$16.75 for a Solid Quartered Oak Dresser, full swell front and elegantly finished, worth \$25.
Others up to \$45.00.



\$38.50 A Massive Solid Oak Full Roll Bed Room Suit, has large size, full swelled dressing case, and washstand to match, heavy and elaborately carved, bedstead, actual value \$50.

\$24.75 An elegant Solid Oak Bed Room Suit, large size dresser, with shaped French plate mirror, nicely carved bed and large, roomy washstand, worth \$45.

PETTIT & CO.

CORNER FOUSHEE AND BROAD STS.

man told me, think the Cossacks are human hyenas, that they have had their hearts removed by a surgical operation when young, and that they are in place of the heart, and that they are natural murderers, the slight of blood on a human being and that but for the Cossacks Russia would have a population of loving subjects that would make it safe for the Little Father to go anywhere in Russia unattended, but with Cossacks ready to whip and murder and coming like men bitten by rabid dogs, and they froth at the mouth and have spasm and carry bombs up their sleeves ready to blow up the members of the royal family, and there you are.

If you do not hear from me after next Sunday you can put dad's obituary and say he died of an overdose of Cossack. If we get through this revolution alive, you will hear from me, but this is the last revolution I am going to attend. Yours, HENRY.

THE WOMAN BEHIND THE AUSTRIAN THRONE

(Continued from Magazine Front Page.)

her participation in affairs of state, with her a rebuke from the sovereign. Venerated and popular as Emperor Francis Joseph undoubtedly is, he has never allowed any man to approach him near enough to be his friend.

In his own family there is not one to whom he will not give his full attention. At that time Kathi Schratz was playing in a kind of vaudeville at the Stadt Theatre of Vienna, and had won considerable reputation as a mimic. One evening there the emperor pointed her out to her husband, with the remark that so lovely a face was rarely seen.

member with whom he is on terms of intimacy except his two daughters. "The Modern Lear," or the most unhappy monarch in all Europe, he is called. This is due not only to the long list of political troubles that has beset his empire, but to the frequency of personal misfortunes.

First of all, the emperor is growing old. Seventy-five troubled years have made his hair like unto a snow drift, and figure once erect and vigorous is now feeble and bent. As the strength of the unhappy old man lessens, the boldness and influence of Kathi Schratz increases, and he now turns to her domineering mentality upon the slightest pretext.

Although at present more than fifty years of age, Kathi Schratz does not look to be over forty. Ten years ago she was considered the best dressed woman in Vienna. Of late, however, she has dressed very quietly.

An extremely handsome woman of the brunette type, with large blue eyes and a wealth of dark hair, is the charmer of Francis Joseph.

Tall and with an exquisite figure, her beauty alone would attract attention. But in addition to that she combines much magnetism and great charm of manner. It was in the eighties that she met the emperor. The empress herself first called his attention to her. Through the remainder of her life the empress befriended the actress and apparently encouraged the intimacy between her and the emperor, about which all the country was soon gossiping.

Amused him with books. While serving in this capacity Kathi Schratz occupied a suite of apartments on a beautiful avenue in Vienna. There a retinue of liveried servants looked after her welfare. Splendid carriages were at her command.

Although lacking in nothing an empress might desire, the actress friend of the King did not give up the stage until a year or so ago. During all that time she was leading lady at the Hofburg Theatre. Although her efforts were largely in serious roles, such as "Camilla," "Nobels" and "Deborah," she also enjoyed the reputation of being a comedienne of ability.

Whether playing or resting, Kathi Schratz never risked losing the friendship of Francis Joseph, and was never far away from the monarch.

Every afternoon for years, when in Vienna, it has been his custom to drop in at her home for a chat and a cup of tea. Every summer, when he went to his country residence at Ischl, she occupied her pretty little cottage nearby.

That the Emperor is fully aware of the extent of gossip concerning his friendship with the actress is frequently shown, and yet as the years go by she only becomes more strangely entrenched in her position. Several summers ago His Majesty had the following "explanatory" item published in the State papers for Vienna: "The perfectly innocent character of the relations between the monarch and the actress are known to every one here who has the slightest acquaintance with the Austro-Hungarian court life."

They are best shown by the fact that a fortnight ago the actress was staying at Munich as a guest of Princess Leopoldine of Bavaria, eldest daughter of the Emperor, and that she is at the present moment traveling in Italy in company with the Countess Trani, sister of the murdered Empress, who was a warm friend of the actress, frequently visiting her and often times having her staying with her as a guest at Laina, near Vienna, and likewise at Montreux and other places abroad.

Of late the aged ruler has not bothered himself about gossip. Now he permits his charmer to dictate in affairs of State to an extent that alarms his court. As a result, public opinion regarding the mental capabilities of the woman is now undergoing a most radical change. For a long time she was not regarded as being exceptionally clever; in fact,

many alleged her to be downright stupid. It was always considered a proof of her good sense, however, that she did not interfere in public affairs—for whatever she did was done with a deft and unseeing hand. It was thought, therefore, that her mission was merely to amuse the monarch and help him spend his money.

Now it is acknowledged that her influence is to be reckoned with in all matters of State that interest her. Perhaps history will record her a place with Madame de Medici and other women whose delicate hands have controlled scepters.

For full particulars apply to any agent of the company, or O. S. CAMPBELL, Division Passenger Agent, Richmond, Va.

While it is still good weather you had best let us fix your pipes if they need any kind of repairs.

"A stitch in time saves nine," you know.

We also make a specialty of all kinds of heating plants, from a small stove to a large furnace.

J. W. ANDERSON
710 E. Main.

ARE YOUR Water Pipes SAFE?

The time we spend in looking out for new things in the line of printing is time spent in looking out for your interests.

We Know Printing, and know it thoroughly. We know how to give it a striking effect and how to make it suit you. We do suit you.

Waltham Printing Company,
We have the "Knack."
109 South 12th Street.

Always Buy. Our assortment of the McBride 1906 Calendars are beautiful.

"Suchards" SWISS MILK CHOCOLATE.
R. L. CHRISTIAN & CO. AGENTS.